

"I'M WORTH JUST \$600 TO WHITE SLAVERS"

By Evelyn Nesbitt.

Chapter IV.

White slavery exists.

I know, because—in common with many other girls—I have been face to face with it more than once.

To the white slavers I am worth about \$600. That's the highest price they pay for ordinary girls. Some fetch more than that.

After a while the goods deteriorate, and, finally, many a white slave is disposed of to some low dive for \$25 or \$30.

The girls don't get any of the money. The "house" always keeps them in debt, and if bars aren't actually used to keep the slaves imprisoned, their debt to the "house" keeps them "safe."

Few white slaves are kept in smaller cities. Most of them are shipped East. But the "system" has many of its recruiting officers everywhere. And it has several "stations" also.

The police won't be able to tell you where they are. But go out on the street about 3 o'clock some morning and stop two or three men. You won't have to stop many before you find one that can tell you where to find a "station."

I know of one on Spring street. A short time ago there was one on Fifth and one on Hill, but they both have been closed up. They were in the heart of Los Angeles.

Many ways are used to trap the slaves. In the old black slavery days they used to raid the African villages and drag the people away. The modern slaver isn't quite so bold. But his methods are effective.

One night when I was sitting in a respectable restaurant with a young fellow he ordered beer. He was smoking a cigar. While the glasses were standing before him he tried to direct my attention to a picture.

Then he flicked his cigar ashes in-

to one of the goblets and pushed it toward me.

But I saw him.

That was all that saved me. Cigar ashes in beer are as good "knock-out drops" as a clip over the head with a sandbag.

I was scared. Of course the beer remained untasted, while he urged



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me to drink it up. Then we started out and he had a taxicab there.

"Get in," was all he said.

I know something about boxing. One punch on the side of his head put him on his knees and then I ran. He never pursued, but it seemed while I ran that I always heard his footsteps just behind.